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The Song of Youth

Poems by

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER



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1905

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The Song of Youth

P O E M S

By *Blanche Shoemaker*



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The Gorham Press
1905

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. . . Look on these songs I dedicate to thee,
Which thro' thee I began, which thus I end.



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AWAKENING

As in sweet childhood's slumberous hours a hand
In mother's tenderness seeks for the cheek
Of the loved one, gently disturbing sleep
Until the child soul stirs and leaves the land
Of dreams and wakens, half afraid to speak, —
So was I for long years within a deep
And solemn slumber of the soul, until
My heart heard thee approach, and then thy
hand
Waked me from dreams to Love's Reality.
And like the child with speech and soul grown
still
Bewildered in my joy I looked on thee, —
And Life grew sweet and I could understand.

SONG

A gracious gift is love, my sweet,
A gift from God above, my sweet,
A grace to take much of, my sweet.

And they who love as we, my sweet,
Are blest by ecstasy, my sweet,
And fashioned fond and free, my sweet.

We love and we are blest, my sweet,
Life-love has been our quest, my sweet,
What care we for the rest, my sweet?

So love e'er love shall die, my sweet,
To keep love ours we'll try, my sweet,
E'er joy end in a sigh, my sweet!

PROXIMITY

I shall be nearer to you far away ;
For that injustice of the world's dumb right
Restrains us when together every day.
But in the voiceless hours of the long night
Visions will bring us closer till I seem
Unconscious that my joy is but a dream.

SEA-CHANGE

The sadness of the sea
Rose up to me
 Speaking of hours forgot,
 Hours that are not,
And ne'er again can be!

The longing of the sea
Rose up to me ;
 Speaking of wants grown old
 Desires untold,
And dreams that could not be.

The wistfulness of the sea
Rose up to me ;
 Speaking of hours gone past,
 Regrets that last
'Till memories cease to be!

The gladness of the sea
Rose up to me ;
 Speaking of joys in store
 Love evermore,
And happiness to be!

The great Love of the sea
Rose up to me ;
 Filling my heart with bliss!
 Sweeter than this
No Paradise could be!

Nice, March.

DISSATISFACTION

Aye, I am happy — so the whole world says
 Envyng me life's contentment and soul's peace,
And all the sunny blessings of my ways!
 I want not these, — rather a soul's release
From bondaged Joy . . . the old forbidden gaze
Of loving eyes, and Love's poor, frenzied days!

RAIN

The night about is still, the sea
Sleeps passive on the shore, yet my soul hears
The raindrops falling on the ground
Silent as tears
Shed without sound . . .
As the rain falls ceaselessly
So I love thee
Ceaselessly!

RELUCTANCE

Love, I cannot lose you yet!
Life has not been lived, so let
Life and love awhile remain,
Till both we have tasted of.
Then let Life and Love both wane.

Dear, I dare not die today
When your love desires me stay,
Life is ours to live and I
Live but for your precious love, —
Sweet, today I dare not die!

Of the future I know not,
Yesterday is soon forgot,
But today life is our own,
Love is dear to love and prove.
Sweet, I dare not go alone!

LOVE'S MATURITY

I dreamed that Love had reached maturity.
And stood full-grown and perfect by my side
With still'd desires and passions satisfied,
The sweet embodiment of ecstasy.
With fond maternal pride I looked upon
The being I had reared so perfectly,
Symbol of all the joy my soul had won.
But as I knelt beside the shrine of this
My vision, lo! There rose within me wild
Longings tempestuous . . . I woke from bliss
To find my love was yet a little child!

THE INSEPARABLE

To A.

There is no part of life that knows not you.

No corner of my life that has not been

Made sweeter by you; not a day has seen

Its golden death but you have watched it too.

No sun has shed its dawn upon my soul,

No Spring has come, nor sight of a heart's woe,

No living hour of life that does not know

You and love's ways, inseparable and whole!

LOVE ETERNAL

As a fond child who wakes amazed to find
That it is nearing its maturity,
Rejoicing leaves its unwoke world behind, —
So was it when Your love first stirred in me,
Waking a dormant soul with ecstasy
And vistas of a dearer world dreamed of.
Thus did Life come to me, making Your Love
A proud possession, — mine Eternally!

LITANY

Soul of my soul, fashioned for love,
Out of the sea of my life's desires, —
(Lord, thou art kind to a soul that aspires!)
Grant me abandonment! Remove
The burden of passion grown too old . . .

Soul of my soul, fashioned for love,
Out of the sea of my youth's desires,
(Lord, thou art kind to a soul that aspires!)
Grant me abandonment! Remove
The burden of love-tamed and love untold . . .

Soul of my soul, fashioned for love,
Out of the sea of my soul's desires
(Lord, thou art kind to a soul that aspires!)
Grant me abandonment! Remove
The burden of denial when love is by!

Soul of my soul, fashioned for love,
Out of the sea of my lost desires,
(Lord, thou art kind to a soul that aspires!)
Grant me abandonment! Remove
The burden of unlived hours that die!

SONG

“I love you, sweet! I love you endlessly.”
What infinite joy these words invoke for me;
The meaning of all life their utterance
Without which life would cease. Merely to say
I love you, love you throughout one whole day
Delights my spirit, seeming to enhance
The charm of living since so merged in yours.
Mine is an endless love that e'er endures,
Supreme in yielding, — happiest to repeat
“I love you, love you endlessly, my Sweet!”

Nice, April 10.

SILENCE

Silence is meant for love.
Songless the sound of the summer sea,
Breathless the soul with expectancy,
Hushed the long hours rapturously,
Silence is meant for love.

Silence is meant for love.
Stilled is the song of the swallow-band,
Languor wanders throughout love's land.
Mute the caress of a loving hand,
Silence is meant for love.

LOVE'S ENTIRETY

To H.

The anguish of delight one feels to wane ;
The pang of joy diminishing, and love
Grown cold and passionless within the heart.
Remembrance verged into Regret again
And that desire of joy once tasted of
A vague fear of the future that will part
Me wholly from my joyfulness. A sense
Of happiness grown old, and perishing
Within my soul the sweetness of all things'
Life's essence dwindling, dear love going hence,
My joy each long hour aging with the Spring
As dies the song some outcast swallow sings.

LOVE'S HUMILITY

Humbly I lay myself down at thy feet
And beg thy mercy and thy help ; O, sweet,
Sorrow has chastened my desires and tears
Made pure a heart that has known passionate
years.

Give ear unto my plaintive plea and make
A love's allowance for our old love's sake ;
And when I come, Beloved, disdain me not
But for the sake of love, once our glad lot,
Help me with tenderness, for, look ! I lay
My helpless soul down at thy feet today !

RETURN

Dear, I have naught to offer thee
In return for all the poesy
Thou hast given me through thy love.
Golden gifts I have none of
Nor sweet ways gleaned from above;
Love itself we deem divine
Therefore, dear, I offer mine
Meagre though it is I give
Every hour of life I live,
Every pulse of mine is thine, —
Soul and sense, desire and speech
All things that are in Love's reach
I lay at Love's shrine.
Be content, dear, I give all
That is in my power to call.

LOVE'S WAY

Could Love but have its way! *✓*
Then Life would sweeter grow
And tears shed long ago
Would turn to laughter at Love's play, —
Could Love but have its way!

Could Love but have its way!
Dear hands would loose the bars
That keep us from the stars;
And Love's height would be reached one day—
Could Love but have its way!

Could Love but have its way!
E'er by denial 'tis slain.
Quench all the longing pain
In one long-dreamed caress and say:
"Let Love but have its way!"

LOVE'S ETERNITY

Question not my love, dear heart, it is too great.
It stands a towering scheme of happiness
'Neath which sweet-sheltered resting place I wait
The morrow's certainty of joy. Unless
You choose to love me more, Belov'd, than this,
Doubt not my fondness for it lies as deep
As some unconquerable scheme in bliss
Flows on, unheeding snows and storm. I weep
With joy to think I love you so, for we
Inhabit Love's divine Eternity.

REGRET

Dear, when my hour to die shall come
And Love has grown forever dumb,
And o'er my soul Death's shadows creep, —
Before I go at last to sleep
Belovëd let
Me utter but the one regret
My soul shall keep.

Dear, there are few wrongs I have done
I would undo ; of sins not one
Would I resign. But, these above,
I grieve for love we knew not of.
Did we always
Live to the full in our past days?
Took we sufficient Love?

ABSENCE

I find no peace where thou art not ; I pass
From scene to scene and all things seem the
same.

Day differs not from night ; Life has no aim
For in Love's absence all is void ; alas
There is no joy apart from you. I pace
From dawn to dark seeking a resting place
Wherein to find oblivion of my love.

No corner of the world that knows not of
Your ways or holds no memories of your face.
Here was it that we parted ; or close by
First fell your tears or first I heard you sigh . .
Thus do I wander, ever coveting
To find love and love's peace one day and bring
Lost life back to my heart before I die!

GOD'S PARADISE

Thou art more perfect than God's Paradise.
Sweeter by far than violets bloomed in May,
Fonder and fairer than the heavenly prize,
God's Paradise.

Fuller of ripened life than ripest day,
Youth glowing in the gladness of thine eyes,
Sweet-living perfectly, — could life devise
God's Paradise

To rival thee, Beloved, in any way?
Being so perfect, dear, within thee lies
God's Paradise;

And if in loving thee, love takes away
My right to heav'n, I gain in thee the prize —
God's Paradise!

FREEDOM

Oh, to be freed from Yesterday!
And as a bird take wings and fly away,
From where pain was into the paths that know
No sorrow or heart's woe . . .
To merely spread my wings and wish to go;
Thus leaving life and all its goblets drained,
For wine of other loves and hours, —
For distant scents of unknown flow'rs, —
For paths of joy more unconstrained.
Oh, to be freed from Yesterday
And as a bird take wings and soar away!

THE BURDEN

The burden of lost-living; days that cry
Like plaintive children to be nursed again.
Lips that were once allied apart in pain,
Desires once urgent that submissive lie,
And blissful hours of ease that mockingly,
Like unbloomed flowers arise in ghostly glee.
. . The burden of lost-living; a caress
That maddens in its unreturningness!

COMPENSATION

The warm grass under my heart ;
Above me the kindly sky,
Bird-songs thrilling the air,
Faint shadows wandering by.
. . My soul the while aware
That you and I are apart.

The grass grown over my heart,
My body enwrapped in clay ;
Bird-songs stilled, and the air,
Emptied of Love away,
. . My soul the while aware
You and I are no more apart.

PARTING

“Farewell?” how could I say it dear?
The world would fade before my sight;
Sound cease, and day give way to night
Eternal darkness reappear . .

Yesterday’s ghost of Joy would come
To mock the Morrow’s barrenness.
Hope cowering as unhappiness
Would hover by with lips struck dumb.

And Love outcast, with wails unheard
Would wander with affrighted eyes
To where men’s hopes have ceased to rise.
“Farewell?” I do not know the word!

THE GAIN

Lost, loved and soul-lamented, dear, our ways
Were severed yesterday. You are no more
And in the memory of our Joy I pour
My poor, heart's sadness over our dear days.

Lost, loved and soul-lamented, dear. The pain
Of parted lips and hands that no more meet,
The solace of some future days too sweet,—
Yet, losing you, I lose you but to gain!

FULFILLMENT

My soul within me stirs as some starved, unquiet
bird;
Restless with instincts unappeased, hunger un-
heard,
Passions ungratified and yearnings that have
stirred
No sympathy in any one. Thus passed the years
Of loneliness and waste desire watered with my
tears, —
Unceasingly the same, and no applause that
cheers
Or agonized fulfillment of old want laid bare
Can compensate for all the Past. My soul has
care
Of love — and love alone. The longing that can
dare
The past's old desire, the future's unreality . .
Thus stirs my soul, craving to be once free
In love's fulfillment; the Real hour that longs to
be!

YOUTH ETERNAL

Youth with its flowered hours and sunny ways,
Its brilliant hopes that mounting, soar on high,
Craving to live in each excessive phase,
Loving dear life, dreading the hour to die.

Youth with its frenzied eagerness to prove
Experience, and thirsting for its joy,
Glad at the dawn, the noon, the night, and love —
The food and sustenance its wants employ.

Youth without change or end, dawn without
night,
Succession of exuberant ecstasy,
One long, sweet paean of passionate delight, —
This is my dream of an Eternity.

THE UNKNOWN

Bewildered, dazed, you left me with your love ;
Dreaming of joys I knew not how to prove.
And stunned into submission by caress,
Yours was the right to humble me or bless
My soul with lasting love's dear happiness.
But ah, I was a child, afraid to guess.
At what it dared to take so little of.

CHOICE

Ah who of us has loved and yet would not?
Which one would not reclaim the old time pain
Just to renew the rapture once again;
The hours memorial and unforgot.

Ah who of us loved well would not once more
Endure the ecstasy intolerable, —
The joy of hope, the final tears that tell
The sad tale of a love that has passed o'er.

Ah who of us has loved and yet would say:
“Give me the loveless, unimpassioned way?”

AT DAWN

She looks on me with cold, cruel eyes that speak
Dark Hatred, and the lips that last night said
A thousand times I love you, are compressed,
And ashy white the pallor of her cheek, —
Flow'rs are fled
In the flower-like fair face and breast, —
Thus do we gaze into each others' eyes,
Poor spectres watchful of their loves demise:
Passion is dead.

DESOLATION

How long the days are, dear, without
The comfort of your love ; how sad
The silence of the night when tears
Cannot appease . . . Were I to doubt
You, dearest, all the joy I had
Would dwindle in the dust of years.

SEASONS

While Spring is here and sweet the amorous
hours,
The evening breezes fragrant with June flowers,
The long nights flushed with Love's expectancy,
The days divined for youth, all redolent of
Life's glad springtime of youthful mystery.
. . The Spring is here, — yet, God! we cannot
love!

But while December hangs upon the heart,
Its passionless hours that rend a love apart,
And dim the days and void of soul's delight,
A shadowy darkness over everything, —
Yet, through the wintry and unending night,
We love! And then our souls discover Spring!

REVELATION

What is the surest way to show my love?
Reveal the tenderness my full heart holds,
And all my passionate adoration prove?
Shall all the loveliness my love beholds
In thee be praised in love's sublimest tongue?
Shall hands that worship crown thee god among
His worshippers? Or shall I wreath thy way
With simple flowers grown in a youthful heart?
What glowing words of eloquence could say
The half of how I love? Love is a part
Of life as is the sunlight at day's break, —
Love without birth or end, unceasing, sweet.
. . . Ah, I shall only love, bowed at thy feet,
Giving myself to thee for love's sweet sake!

TO ONE NO LONGER LOVED

We love no more ; the fire of youth has died
Within our hearts ; for long we strove to hide
The truth, until the truth untruth belied !

We love no more ; and Life's significance
Has dwindled in the dawning of a glance ;
Love can no longer our poor lives enhance.

We love no more ! Vanished is youth's sweet
sense
And age has lost its passionate recompense.
. . This is the end our destiny invents !

THE THEFT

Lonely and sad her soul sought mine and laid
Its sorrows at my feet and much afraid
Begged help of me . . . and I, filled with delight
Calmed her distress and stayed her in her flight
Until her wings fluttered no more and she
Found rest within a harbor happily
. . . I gave her all I had and from my hands
She took my offerings as one who stands
The rightful owner of its Joy; until
My life impoverished grew . . .
And I, the keeper, knew
The hungered soul at length had had its fill.
And lo! one day I found her gone . . . and then
I prayed she might take my poor life again!
London.

SURRENDER

How shall I keep your love? By what sweet
schemes

Or subterfuge devised with utmost skill, —

Or passionate protestations that will fill

Your heart with certitude? Devotion seems

Unending when one loves and yet love fears

From day to day its end eventual;

Devotion's dismal death whose dear recall

Is vanished e'en beyond reclaiming tears . .

Therefor I seek to keep thy love, retain

The flower of fondness and the bloom of need,

The freshness of delight, the joy in pain,

The glow of eager want. Dear, if I plead

Close-kneeling at your feet submissively

Will Love's surrender hold your love for me?

CARPE DIEM

Live in the Present, dear ; 'tis all thou hast.
What share have we within the happiest Past
When memory's visions dim and no things last ?

What do we own of all the future's store ?
Uncertain joys allure us o'er and o'er
Yet, when the morrow comes we own no more.

What of past tears, or days of love gone by ;
We have but little of their wine, and why ?
Because as all things live, so all things die !

What of this hour ? What of Love's hastened
night ? —
'Tis all we have to call our own aright :
This is Love's bitterness and Love's delight !

DEATH-IN-LOVE

The dawn glows in the East ; without the day
Grows into gladdened May.
The hopes our hearts have borne ;
The desires our joys have fed,
Love's deeds we have foreborne,
The wealth our souls have worn, —
All cease . . . Can Love be dead ?

The fire dies on the hearth ; without the night
Wanes into undelight ;
The songs once sung, the words our hearts have
said,
The lips our lips have wrung
Are stilled and lie among
Life's ashes . . . Love is dead !

THE DREAD HOUR

Dear, if the hour should ever come when we
Should undesiring meet each others' eyes, —
Unlonging for the kiss that satisfies
A labored love, long lost to mastery —
Then I should take your hand and gently say:
“Beloved, the dream is past . . . we meet to lay
The soul of our old love fore'er away.”
Ah, let us now be happy while we may.

FEAR AT PARTING

Beloved, I cannot let you go from me!
Into the great world's wide and questioning gaze,
Forgetful of our vanished joyous days,
Recalling happiness but dubiously.
Beloved, I cannot let you go from me!

Beloved, I dare not let you go from me,
To leave me lonely with but love's recall,
To thus deflower my ways of life and all
The sunny blessings of Love's harmony.
Beloved, I *dare* not let you go from me.

PASTELLE

With troubled eyes and lips bereft of speech,
Nearer I leaned to where my soul saw you.
Only the joy of a last lingering view
Before you were beyond my spirit's reach.
Only a look, Belov'd, and that was all,
To leave me lonely without Love's respite,
Only a touch of hands to help me call
Love back — and then you went into the night!

THE PRISONER

I am the prisoner of my love for thee.
Fettered in fondness, bound in loving bond,
Imprisoned in ties of loving fantasy
With ne'er a thought, desire, or dream beyond
Love's bondaged hours of intimacy fond.
Alone art thou impow'red to set me free ;
Thy lips my sole release and liberty
Arousing life again. Ah, sweet, although
I seem love's prisoner, 'tis not wholly so ;
For though the prisoner of my love, I know
Love's liberation but in loving thee !

RONDEL

Born within my soul that stirred
In sweet pride at being's start,
Born to utter love's first word —
 Child of my heart!

Reared in safest care apart,
From the tainting world and heard
As the cadence of my heart.

Fondness that love's lips averred,
All my own till death's cold dart
Pierce the love my soul preferred —
 Child of my heart!

ALLIANCE

Your image is immured within my heart . .
Dear love, and as the vacant hours go by
My way is bright as are the Heavens that lie
Illumed by stars at night. We are apart
And yet, when tears into my own eyes start
I hear your soul within my own soul cry.

We are incorporate, belov'd, — as one
Sole being we exist; in joy or woe
Our pulses quicken or our hearts grow slow
Together with vague fears; when life is done
Thus shall we die united with love won
For all Eternity! Forever so.

Biarritz.

COMPLETION

Life has no more in it, belov'd, for we
Have drained the cup of happiness until
Our lips grew mute with too much ecstasy.
Infatuate love, have we not had our fill
Of that delicious joy so few can know?
Have we not lived so fully that to go
Back through the love-thronged past would surely seem
Like threading one's way through a vanished
dream?
. . . Life has no more in it, Belov'd, — Our
hands
Have touched upon the Joy of God's own lands.

THE MORROW'S JOY

Oh, God be praised for the dear morrow's joy, —
For that undawned, desiréd day's delight
Which is a balm to souls long comfortless;
Oh Solace that no Time can e'er destroy,
Sad hope's delirium, spirit's luring sight,
Leading me into fancied happiness.

VITA NUOVA

Satiated with things insatiable, —
My heart o'er-wearied from Love known too well,
My soul's flight broken by desires that dwell
Too deeply rooted, undeniable, —

. . . One day You looked on me with kindly eyes
Wherein I saw the dawn of new Life rise,
And all my senses in a mute surprise,
Unwearied, woke to dawn that never dies.

CONCLUSION

Sweet, let life end for us e'er dear love wane,
A poor, neglected shadow by our sides ;
Speechless and wan, whose every sight derides
The old, mad moments of reality
When love was sweet and seemed not sad or vain.
Let death o'er-creep our souls a welcome friend
Saving the sorrow of seeing our love end, —
With lips on lips in close kissed sympathy,
Then let death come . . . We shall be spared the
 pain
Of poor love perishing and poor love's wane !

POVERTY

To A. W.

Before the greatness of thy love I stand
Cowering and dumb; as one touched by the hand
Of some Divinity. I am afraid
To take the Happiness thy love has laid
At my poor feet. Alas, my soul is planned
For poverty alone. Thou dost demand
A love as great as thine own love is grand.
I cannot give what thou dost want, — dismayed
Before a love like thine I turn away.
I am too poor! Leave me to go my way.

FAITHLESSNESS

Just as a child brings forth its most prized toy
Giving it to its mother's hand to hold,
Trusting and fond in its first confidence, —
So was it when we parted. A heart's joy
Was mine when deep within the nurtured fold
Of your dear arms I laid a trust; and thence
We went our ways . . . but after many years
When I returned, our love was bathed in tears.
For, dear, I found you faithless and my trust
A heart's poor idol shattered into dust.

RONDEL

Out of the darkness, like a star that falls, —
Sweeter and stranger than a sudden thought,
The wakening of delight that never palls —
So Love is wrought.

Out of the day as out of dawn that caught
The sudden reflux of a wave that calls
In accents sweet the tune its own heart taught,

Once flashed the dear delight my soul ap-
palls, —
A touch of hands, a kiss our lips have sought, —
Just as life dawns thus my glad soul recalls
So Love is wrought.

DAWN

I have seen the dawn, Beloved, from where we
stand,
The past looms sweet in sadness and the days
To come are glad to our heart's eager gaze . .
For years we have traversed the dark, our
ways,
Apart so long, — but now, give me your hand
And we shall journey to the Promised Land.

THE LIGHT

As one who looks into the dark and sees
Afar the glimmer of a light half-hid,
And, fearing, wonders if on hands and knees
He could attain the light, and thereby rid
His anxious soul of all the unlit ways, —
So was I groping in the dark of days
Without your love . . . Beyond, it shimmered
sweet
Beckoning me on, until with faltering feet
I reached the light of Love's felicities!

LOVE LET US DREAM NO MORE

Love let us dream no more, we must awake!
Forgetting all the dreamful days and shake
The slumber from our souls for Love's sweet
sake.

Long have we dreamed and slumbered; now the
day
Of wakening comes, let us love while we may.

No more can visionary joys serve well
As those dear intimate hours of Love's sweet
spell, —
For ah, Reality alone can tell

The meaning of all life, and right our wrong.
We must awake and live for we have slumbered
long.

RENEWAL

Let me one moment find forgetfulness of thee.
For one hour's space be quit of Love's bonds
binding me;
Gay to behold the world and laugh again and see
Things sweet or sad thro' eyes not steeped in
mystery.
And then, dear one, having seen my heart once
free
Let me return afresh to Love and loving thee!

MEETING AND PARTING

To G. C.

Soul that was joy to meet,
Meeting too sadly sweet,
Sweetest because so fleet, —
Soul that was joy to meet!
. . All that we love will pass,
Sweet things die first, alas,
And ripened love dies just
As unripe passion must.
Soul that I met and passed,
Touched hands and longed to love:
Meeting to part; what of
The spell that could not last?

LOSS

Were I to lose thee dear, what then?
In all Life's lonely way there'd be
Only a shadow of memoried harmony.
Oblivion where joy was and pain,
In place of bliss, the heavy dread
Of vacant, loveless hours to come,
And for delight a heart grown numb.
Eyes blind through tears unceasing shed.
Were I to lose thee dear, why then
Life would forsake me ne'er to come again.

SOLITUDE

I cannot live in loneliness; the hours
Droop into nothingness as fading flow'rs,
Deprived of sunshine, fall into the grave.
My soul is restive; I forever crave
Companionship. Life is our own to live,
Yet we deny our longings, too soon give
The soul its prison bars. All solitude
Is sin against the soul that seeks to soar.
Alone, my being starves, without heart-food,
Life will succumb till love return no more!

LOVE'S HOURS

The close-companioned hours of sympathy,
When with joined hands and meeting lips, the
day
Of final Joy seems not so far away;
These are the hours that mean so much to me!

When sheltered in your arms most tenderly,
Kissed overmuch and re-born in your heart,
The severing day not drawing us apart;
These are the hours that mean so much to me!

The subtle Joy of Love's first harmony,
The mystery of lips articulate,
When souls re-born in hope anticipate
The life-long Love — these hours mean much to
me!

THE NUN

Oh wasted life of lovelessness. Thou hast
Not had thine hour of joy ; Life has grown past
Thy passionless reach, love is beyond recall . . .
Only the dim and unlit way awaits ;
Thy prayers must comfort when thy wants appall,
Thy sinless nights make palely chaste thy cheek,
Thy life renounced make sweet what thy soul
hates.
. . . Lone vigil of desire grown old and weak, —
The desert of virginity that knows
Instead of love's oasis death's repose.

ABSENCE

“Where art thou, love, to-night?” my starved
soul cries

Seeking within the darkness for your eyes, —
Groping for lips afar. My soul replies:
“Thou art not here” and life within me dies!

Why art thou not beside me sweet, I cry!
Heart-harbored in our love we two could lie
Oblivious of the world, passing life by, —
Yet love, thou wilt not come until I die.

AVOWAL

Sweet sheltered spot of Love's first utterance ;
Lulled by the melody of water's song,
Close-shadowed in the intimate dusk-time long
And sweetened by a first impassioned glance,—
Paths odorous with fragrance of pale flow'rs
. . . When hand close held in hand and heart on
heart

Lured by the loveliness of Love's first hours,
We wandered wakening to each loving art,—
Two mingling souls that met when love-lips met,
Within a heaven of joyous mystery,
With Love's avowal heart-uttered . . . Ah life,
let
Us wander thus into Eternity.

LIFE'S PARADOX

Souls that have lived! To thee I offer praise,
A reverential homage for the days
 Brimful of garnered blisses ye have known;
 Hours of oblivious joy, which death alone
Could lessen of their charm . . . Ah ye who live
 Or ye who in the wayward Past have sown
The Joy of Life, — to thee all praise I give!

Souls that have never lived! But died without
 Desiring life, — for thee I sadly weep.
 Ye who are wrapped in that eternal sleep
Knowing not of joy, or what life was about.
What compensated for your loss? The years
 Of passive lethargy, — the barren heights
 Lost to the loveliest of Love's delights?
. . . For ye, poor souls, the world sheds all its
 tears!

RICHES

She is rich of body yet sad at heart.
Weighed down with the wealth of the world, she
dwells
In a realm of satisfied ease, with a part
Of love for her own ; yet her forced smile tells
She is rich of body yet poor of heart.

She is poor of body, yet glad at heart.
Deprived of the world's rich store she dwells
Impoverished, alone, and from wealth apart ;
Yet the peaceful smile on her wan face tells
She is poor of body yet rich of heart !

INTIMATIONS

To J.

Today we loved and yet today we part, —
Glad in the memory of our perfect love ;
Love not yet blossomed to the full, sweetheart,
But fair and fragile, sparely taken of.
When loving lips met mine, dear one, I thought
Of sweeter hours to come, and sorrowed not
At parting from you. For love this day wrought
Sweet intimations of love's future lot !

DOUBT

Would God that I were dead rather than doubt
Your dear, desiréd love for me. Because
My soul could never wholly do without.

Let me accept your fondness, for the flaws
In passion one is happiest not to seek.
So love, your lips appeased upon my cheek,
And then, — oblivion of the hours about !

AFTER HOURS

What follows after Love? As in the wake
Of golden hours of day, close follows night
Deflowering life of all its dear delight;
So oft, it is with love, if we will take,
So we must face the aftermath and make
Remembrance compensate.

What follows after love! alas we know
Only too well the solitude to be,
With lips estranged, hearts void of sympathy
And eyes wherein love long has ceased to glow.
Oh dead desire, oh love-sweet long ago, —
Can memory compensate?

THE INEVITABLE

The hour I fear above all other hours, —
The power I fear above all other powers, —
The dread, inevitable day when we must meet
Estranged and passionless; having lived the
sweet
Strong hours of loving through until they ceased;
'Till Love's extravagance made Love appeased!

THE TRINITY

We met and loved, and now, dear one, we part!
Thou to thy world unknown to me, and I
To where thy memory will never die.
Since love so deep is rooted in my heart.

We met and loved . . . and now, dear one, fare-
well!

Fondly clasp hands in love immutable;
And let me go my way. Thou mayst depart
Yet where Love is, I am, and so thou art!

THE NOMADS

Wandering ever on the face of earth
From dark to dawn,—this is their part from
birth.

Happy and free in Nature's constancy
With ne'er a care of any other day
Save that which is; the sweet immunity
From toil, ambitions or regrets that weigh.
Proud in their carelessness, unshamed to meet
The morrow's great uncertainty, and free
Each morn from Life's distasteful yesterday.
Wand'ring beneath the stars in night-times sweet
Into Eternity
Without a fear, a hope, regret or tie.
Happy until shall dawn their day to die!

FEAR

Bowed down beneath the burden of a love
He cannot hope to bear, man shrinking stands,
Weighed down by Cowardice with trembling
hands
Fearing what he has known so little of!

ATTAINMENT

We reached Love's height but yesterday, and
drew
The fullness from Life's cup, intent to rue
The long, slow hours that had led up to it.
Upon the summit now we pause, and sit
With arms entwined, looking upon the past
Our happy lips allied unto the last —
Eternal Ecstasy made exquisite!

THE INFINITE

Immeasurably I love thee dear, as one
In yearning for the infinite, finds that near
Love is, — wherein life ends and is begun!
'Tis vain to try to utter to thee, dear,
How great my fondness is. Words can express
Only a portion of our happiness
Never a heart that cared as mine could tell
How much it loved! Mayhap it be too well.

Nimes, April, 1905.

THE CLIMAX

To A. W.

Beloved, what is the end of all our Joy?
What climax of delight shall our souls reach,—
What measures shall we finally employ
In efforts to maintain our love in each.
Thro' years of struggle we shall come at last
To some sweet, summit of soul's ecstasy,
And then what will the after-moments be?
A new world found?—or sighs for joys gone
past?

THE DREAM FOREGONE

Today there was no dawn, Beloved; the morn
Came changeless o'er the sky and found me worn
And weary with my vigil of the night;
Ah love, thou didst not come and in my plight
I prayed for death rather than see the light.

. . . At last through lack of love the night-time
waned,
And peace, the peace my soul had but regained,—
Gave way to nameless anguish unconstrained;
Before my famished sight the daylight crept,—
Day without dawn or joy and poor Love wept
A specter of unwelcomeness forlorn.

UPLIFTMENT

Blest, dear, among all women in the blessing of
thy love,
Sublimely blest in passionate quest,
Divinely raised among those praised
On mortal earth to realms of heavenly praise
above.

Sweetened and strengthened in the sweetness of
thy love,
Immortal made through love's sure aid
Richly endowed, passionately proud,
Thus dwells my soul full-blest soaring in realms
above.

JOY'S REDEMPTION

Oh world of joy disclosed this day of days!

Oh dawning of delights so manifold

My soul re-born, rejoices to behold.

The sudden sweetness of this day repays

A spirit's past of loveless, unlit ways.

Oh world of Joy renounced in hours grown
old,

This day's delight will all my life remould!

ENNUI

The meanings of all things expire, —
The sun fades o'er my way and night's desire
Is paled into fatigue; Oh soul of mine
That sees no joy or interest anywhere
Why art thou blind and worn? Life once was
 thine
The maddest life Love gave to man's despair,
Riotous hours of passionate delight —
Of wine-red lips and roses reddening night. . .
This is a death-in-life; oh love, love's tire, —
The languid lapse of souls from their desire!

MOCKERY

Hours that were once so sweet, ah mock me not!
Look not upon my loveless days with scorn.
Now that my plight is changed, have I forgot
The joyous hours that once were all to me?
Oh old-time memories! oh sympathy
Sublime and lost, — lost e'er it was reborn,
Hours once so passing sweet, ah mock me not!

FAITH'S FOLLY

The folly of perfect faith, — alas! though we
Bow at the shrine of the sublimest god
The hour will come when our idolatry
Will serve as naught, and we shall kneeling see
The shattered remnants of our shrine down-
trod.

Put not your trust in things that are, but lay
Faith in the coming of an undawned day!

OBLIVION

Ah, would that I could find oblivion

From thee and Love, the twain that rend my
heart!

For I have striven even to depart

From love of thee through absence, but I won

My victory but to find surrender when

Thou didst return to re-possess again.

It is contending with a force of Life

To leave thee, when the power of life contrives

To bind inseparably our separate lives.

For were the world less of thee, — days less rife

Of thy reflected loveliness, then I

Could leave thee in my wilderness to die.

LOVE ALIEN

Yea, I am rich in worldly goods, — the fire
Of flesh is in abeyance and my hands
Are full of flowers from the fairest lands.
Yet I am sad ; to what I do aspire
I cannot have, for love in silence stands
An alien to my heart and heart's desire!

OPPORTUNITY

Look how life passes hourly, dear, and we
Stand by with hopeful hearts that have no
speech.
The fruit of life is here within our reach
Yet we are blind and disinclined to see.

Each moment Joy grows less and Youth departs
And shadows dim to-morrow's mystery,
While Time on wings of fire burns rapidly
Over the embers of our aging hearts.

Life is so fleet! and Opportunity
Is but a moment's breath that unfanned dies,
And love will wither here before my eyes
E'er I have had the share that was for me.

UNLIVED HOURS

Hours that have never been! Sweet hours that
yearn

To be; and fond longings that ceaselessly
Beg life, and dreams that crave Reality.

These are the daily sorrows that I turn

O'er in my soul, lamenting joy unknown;

An undawned day's delight tormenting me

With its unknown, imaged felicity,

And bliss unrecognized in days long flown.

. . Hours that have never been, — Love's hours
that yearn

To be, — ah, dear, from these I cannot turn!

THE BEGINNING

To A. W.

A touch of hands, — my soul again is born
Into a realm sublime of wondrous ease,
Full of the calm of Love's first mysteries,
And freed from fetters that so long were worn.

A touch of lips, — beyond my soul's recall,
And then the wakening of a sterile heart,
A glimpse of Love's Eternity! Thou art
The beginning of all things, the end of all!

SALVATION

Lift me that I may see the dawn again!
Put back the misery of a heart's worn pain,
Give me the glimpse of joy that will not wane.

Raise me that famished glances once may gaze
Upon the flowered foot paths of Love's ways,
Illumined by the light of future days.

Lift me that I may once, contented, see
Dawn breaking o'er our worn world wistfully,
And then, — a vision of our souls set free!

REPLETION

My love of You fills all my nights and days ;
There are no more relentless dawns that cry
To my poor heart "why is your love not by?"
For everywhere I turn, where'er I gaze,
My soul sees you and love, the twain whose
praise
I could die chanting. Lo! there is no night
Of uncompanied want ; no hour above
Hope's rapture, or unlit through lack of love.
Life is no more forlorn of its delight,
But with a love's repletion sweet despite
Time's flight and Love's own end eventual
Foreshadowed in our hopes and joys recall.
Now Passion brims my life, sweet, care not what
The future holds ; Today Love is our lot !

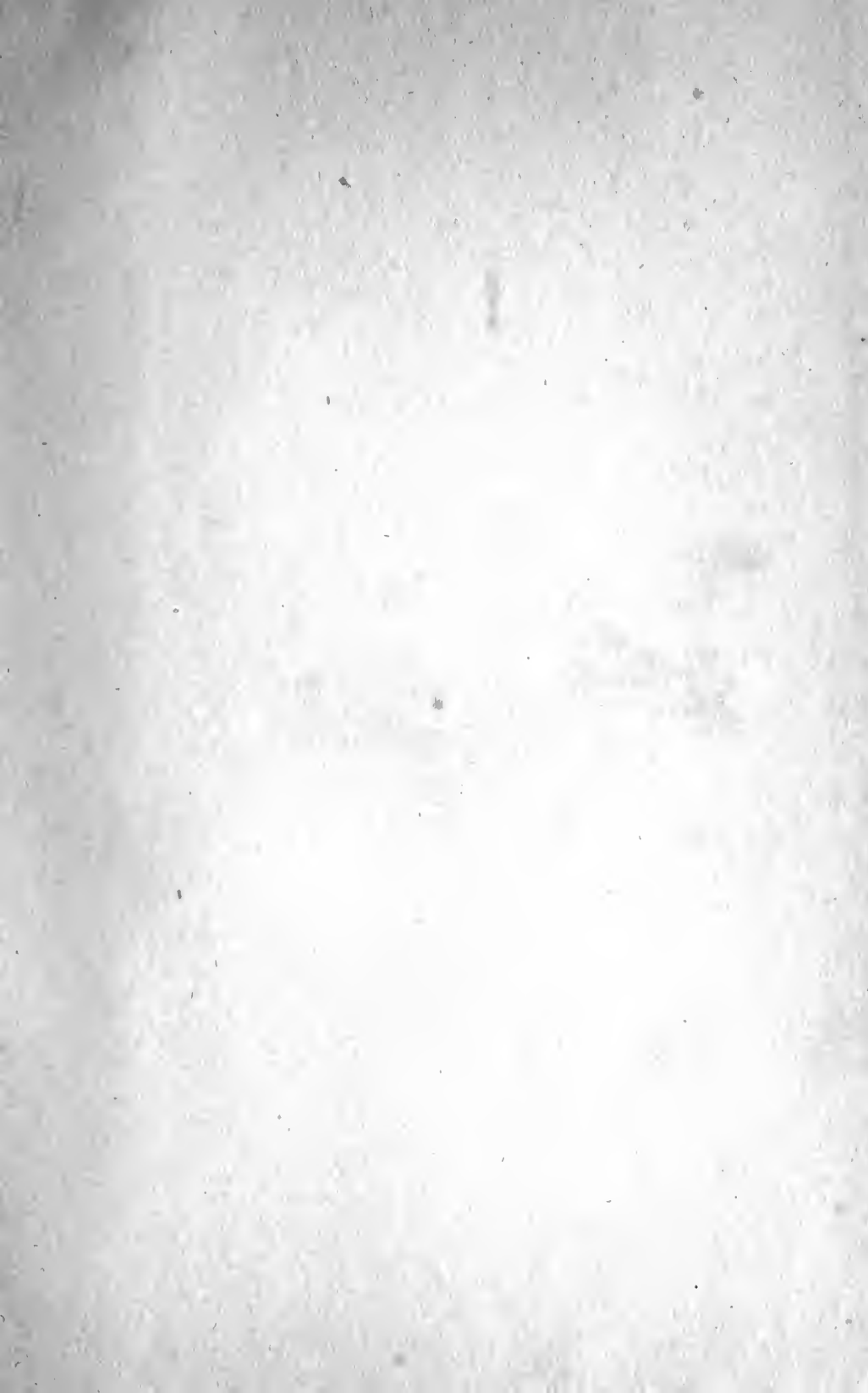
POSSESSION

Would I were yours — and the world might then
end!

Yours for Eternity's time and the grave,
Yours in the bond of a love that could brave
Doubtful to-morrow, uncertain to-day ;
Love that could old-time regrets quite allay,
Infinite love that no Time could expend!
Ceaseless desire and an unending need, —
Heaven our own to ignore or to heed.

Would I were yours — and the world might then
end!





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